

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES

3 of 5

PARENTAL ADVISORY

FURTH
DAVID
LARK
GAUDIANO
ISANOVE

STEPHEN KING THE DARK TOWER THE GUNSLINGER



THE BATTLE OF TULL

STEPHEN KING THE DARK TOWER

CREATIVE DIRECTOR AND EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
STEPHEN KING

PLOT AND CONSULTATION
ROBIN FURTH

SCRIPT
PETER DAVID

PENCILS
MICHAEL LARK

INKS
STEFANO
GAUDIANO

COLOR ART
RICHARD
ISANOVE

LETTERING
VC'S JOE
SABINO

COVER
MICHAEL LARK
RICHARD ISANOVE

VICE PRESIDENT OF CREATIVE
TOM MARVELLI

SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT OF SALES & PUBLISHING
DAVID GABRIEL

PRODUCTION
MAYELA GUTIERREZ

SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT OF STRATEGIC DEVELOPMENT
RUWAN JAYATILLEKE

ASSISTANT EDITORS
SANA AMANAT
CHARLIE BECKERMAN

CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
JOE QUESADA

SENIOR EDITOR
RALPH MACCHIO

PUBLISHER
DAN BUCKLEY

EDITOR IN CHIEF
AXEL ALONSO

SPECIAL THANKS TO CHUCK VERRILL, MARSHA DeFILIPPO, BARBARA ANN MCINTYRE, BRIAN STARK,
JIM NAUSEDAS, JIM MCCANN, ARUNE SINGH, JEFF SUTER, JOHN BARBER, LAUREN SANKOVITCH, MIKE HORWITZ AND
CHRIS ELIOPOULOS

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON DARK TOWER COMICS, VISIT MARVEL.COM/DARKTOWER

TO FIND MARVEL COMICS AT A LOCAL COMIC AND HOBBY SHOP, GO TO WWW.COMICSHOPLOCATOR.COM OR CALL 1-888-COMICBOOK.

DARK TOWER: THE GUNSLINGER - THE BATTLE OF TULL No. 3, October 2011. Published Monthly by MARVEL WORLDWIDE, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, LLC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 135 West 50th Street, New York, NY 10020. © 2011 Stephen King. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Stephen King. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Marvel and its logos are TM & © Marvel Characters, Inc. \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. (GST #R127352852) in the direct market; Canadian Agreement #40605537. Printed in the USA. ALAN FINE, EVP - Office of the President, Marvel Worldwide, Inc. and EVF & CMD Marvel Characters B.V.; DAN BUCKLEY, Publisher & President - Print, Animation & Digital Divisions; JOE QUESADA, Chief Creative Officer; JIM SOKOLOWSKI, Chief Operating Officer; DAVID ROSKITT, SVP of Business Affairs & Talent Management; TOM BREVOORT, SVP of Publishing; C.B. CEBULSKI, SVP of Creator & Content Development; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Publishing Sales & Circulation; MICHAEL FASCILLO, SVP of Brand Planning & Communications; JIM OKEEFE, VP of Operations & Logistics; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; SUSAN GRESPI, Editorial Operations Manager; ALEX MORALES, Publishing Operations Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact John Dokes, SVP of Integrated Sales & Marketing at jdokes@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158. Manufactured between 07/06/2011 and 07/19/2011 by R.R. DONNELLEY, INC., GLASGOW, KY, USA.

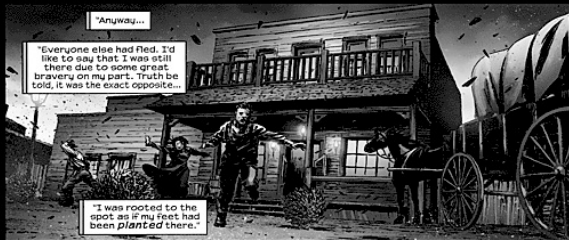
PREVIOUSLY...

Roland Deschain, last of the line of Arthur Eld, continues his pursuit of the Man in Black across the endless Mohaine Desert. The gunslinger believes he may hold the key to Roland's all-consuming quest for the secret of the Dark Tower.

He travels through Pricetown and eventually reaches the decrepit town of Tull. Attempting to gain knowledge of the Man in Black's whereabouts, Roland sleeps with a female saloon keeper named Allie.

She tells him how the Man in Black came to Tull and brought Nort, the town drunk, back to life with a bizarre ritual...





"Anyway..."

"Everyone else had fled. I'd like to say that I was still there due to some great bravery on my part. Truth be told, it was the exact opposite..."

"I was rooted to the spot as if my feet had been *planted* there."



Well, woman? You're faced with a unique opportunity.

Go ahead. Ask him.

A...ask...?

What *awaits* on the other side? Don't you wish to know?



Or are you afraid to learn that your notions of heaven are fanciful...

And there's nothing *awaiting* you except oblivion while worms eat your flesh.

Ask him what he saw.



Because
I *really* want
to see your face
when you find
out.



"Once again he started
to laugh, and that broke
me from my paralysis.



"The sound faded
as I raced up the
stairs...



"...not stopping until the
door to my room above
the bar was bolted.



"I began to giggle then, rocking back and forth on my haunches by the door.

"Then it rose to a keening wail that mixed with the wind.

"The dark man's words crawled into my mind, like spiders. Tru as I might, I couldn't get them out.



"What thoughts could be *left* in Nort's reanimated brain? What had he seen while dead? How much did he remember? Would he tell?

"Were the secrets of the grave waiting downstairs?

"The most terrible thing about such questions was that part of me *really wanted* to ask."



Here. When next you see Allie, give her this note.

It's a small enough service you can provide me, considering all I've done for you.

A-yuh.



"I watched out the window as Nort wandered absently out into the storm, probably to pull some weed.

"The man in black watched him go, still grinning. Then I turned away, because I could see no more.



"But I could *imagine* it. May the man Jesus help me..."

"...I could imagine it all too well."



"Eventually the storm passed, as storms are wont to do."

"Although it seemed like the night itself would never pass. People gathered to survey the damage..."



"...and to stand about whispering, but afraid to enter the bar."

"Eventually I forced myself to go back downstairs. The man in black was gone, rig and all."

"But Nort was there, sitting at the table by the door as if he had never been away. The smell of the weed was on him, but not as heavily as I might have expected."

Hello, Allie.

Hello, Nort.

I been touched by God. I ain't going to die no more. He said so. It was a promise.

How nice for you, Nort.

I'd like to stop chewing the grass. I don't enjoy it no more.

It don't seem right for a man touched by God to be chewing the weed.

Then why don't you stop?

"My exasperation startled me into looking at him as a man again, rather than an infernal miracle."

"He was half-stoned, looking hangdog and ashamed. I couldn't be frightened by him anymore."

I shake. And I want it. I can't stop.



What
am I? What
am I?

He could
have made me
not want it. He
could have done
that if he could
have made me
be alive.



I don't want to
complain. He might
strike me dead
if I did.

Maybe it's
a joke. He
seemed to have
quite a sense
of humor.



you were touched
all right, Nort.
Still are.

But it weren't by no
god. Well...none that
any but a *demon*
ever bent knee to,
at any rate.

Go. It's
true, what
they're
sayin'.

Chalked
it off to
drunk rumors,
I did.



Hands off, Kennerly.
Don't you have a
daughter you
could be
pawing?

Just
Feeling a
little dry,
is all.







"Well, why not? Why *shouldn't* afterlife reflect what we do in life?"

"The man in black's note was etched in my mind, and I knew that he was right."

"And oh, dear God, I knew that I would. I *would* try to forget."

"Already it trembled on my lips."

"Nineteen," I would say. Nort, listen: *Nineteen.*"



"And the secrets of Death and the land beyond would be opened to me."



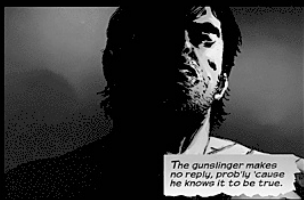
"I turned away from the flames, feeling the pang of fleeting despair for the sad times of this world. The loss."

"Things had stretched apart. There was no *glue* at the center and, when it fell, *all* would end. I had never seen the ocean, and never would."

"The man who had brought Nort back to life had left me a word like a cocked pistol: I would someday put it to my temple."



"Nineteen would open the secret. Nineteen *was* the secret."





Don't
go.

We'll
see.

*Roland, he's like something
out of a fairytale or a myth,
a fabulous, dangerous
creature.*

*Could he grant wishes? Allie
thinks the answer is yes, and
that she would have hers.
He would stay a while.*

*That, and his lovemaking,
is wish enough for a
luckless scarred bitch
such as she.*

*Tomorrow's time enough
to think of another, or
a third.*



*In the morning she cooks
him grits, which he eats
without comment.*



Do you
have a
map?

Of the
town? There
isn't enough
of it to need
a map.

No. Of
what's
southeast
of here.

The desert.
Just the desert.
I...I thought you'd
stay for a while.

What's on
the other
side of the
desert?

How
would I know?
Nobody crosses
it. Nobody's tried
since I was
here.





Watch that
Kennerly.

If he
doesn't know
a thing, he'll
make it up.



Thank you,
Allie.



Doubtless he thinks nothing
of it when he says that.
Three simple words.
Thank you, Allie.



But it's enough to cause
her to sink into a chair
and feel the hot, warm
drift of grateful tears.

Leaves ya wondering
how long since anyone
had thanked her.

Anyone who
mattered,
that is.

As for Sylvia Pittston, Allie had barely said the half of it.

Pittston lived alone, hardly ever saw anybody.



Only came out on Sunday to serve up the hellfire. She was crazy, but she had a hoodoo on the people.



They liked it that way. It suited them.

She had a power, no denying that.



How else to explain how Roland, who normally can't be swayed from his path once on it, decides to put aside Kennerly...

...and instead see what's going on in the church, drawn in by voices singing a hymn raggedly, a capella.





Shall we gather at the river
The beautiful, the beautiful
The river;
Shall we gather at the river,
That flows by the kingdom of God.



The last note of the last
chorus fades off, and
there's a moment of
shuffling and coughing.



My dear
little brothers
and sisters in
Christ. The subject
of our meditation
tonight is *The
Interloper*.

I feel that
I know almost
everyone in the
Good Book personally.
In the last five years I
have worn out three of
'em, and uncountable
numbers before
that.

I love the
players in that
story.



I walked
arm in arm in
the lion's den
with Daniel!

I stood with
David when he
was tempted by
Bathsheba.

I have been in
the fiery furnace
with Shadrach,
Meshach and
Abednego.

I slew two
thousand with
Samson when he
swung the
jawbone.

And was
blinded with
St. Paul on the
road to
Damascus.

I wept
with Mary at
Golgotha.







It was *him*
who took our
Lord up on the
mountain.

It was *him*
that tempted
him and shewed
him all the world
and the world's
pleasures.



It's *him* that
will return when
Last Times come
on the world...

And they
are coming,
my brothers
and sisters.



It's *him* that
will come as the
Antichrist, a crimson
king with bloody eyes,
to lead men into the
flaming bowels of
perdition...

...to the
bloody *end* of
wickedness, as
Star Wormwood
hangs blazing in
the sky....



...as gall
gnaws at the
vitals of the
children...

...as women's
wombs give forth
monstrosities...



...as the
works of men's
hands turn to
blood.



It's him that stands behind every
fleshy pleasure. Him who made the
machines with LaMerk stamped
on them, him! The
Interloper!



When you take
a drink, who
holds the
bottle?

When you sit down to
a Faro or a Watch Me
table, who turns
the cards?

The
Interloper!

The
Interloper!



When you
rot in the flesh of
another's body, when
you pollute yourself with
your solitary hand, to whom
do you sell your soul?



Oh,
Jesus...
oh...



MAGIC NINETEEN

Warning:

For those of you who have not yet read the Dark Tower novels, this essay contains spoilers!

In this month's installment of our tale we encounter magic nineteen, a number which has an almost mystical significance in the Dark Tower novels. Like the winds of ka which sweep us—willingly or unwillingly—toward our destinies, nineteen is both extraordinarily powerful and exceptionally unpredictable. Under the right circumstances, the number nineteen can be downright dangerous, and never is this truer than when it becomes a weapon in the hands of Roland's eternal enemy Walter O'Dim, the demonic sorcerer who is also known as the Man in Black.

In last month's installment of our story, Roland's nemesis raised a weed-eater called Nort from the dead. But what we did not learn until this month was that the Man in Black did not excise Nort's recollections of the afterlife, but merely pressed them into the weed-eater's subconscious. By doing this, Walter transformed Nort into a dangerous weapon—one that could be used against either Roland or Roland's latest love, a barkeep named Allie.

As you've already read, in the hours following his resurrection, Nort slumps unhappily over a table in Sheb's honky-tonk, clutching a tuft of devilgrass in his hand. He is certain that he has been touched by God, but what he doesn't understand is why God hasn't cured him of his need for

weed. Allie knows the truth, or thinks she does. The man who raised Nort from the dead was not performing a miracle—he was playing an elaborate joke. But what Allie does not yet comprehend is that the joke is potentially deadly.

As Allie draws a beer for the lecherous hostler named Kennerly, Nort shuffles over to the bar and hands her a scrap of paper. The Man in Black left a note, he says, and it is addressed to Allie. As Allie reads the note, she becomes increasingly horrified. The Man in Black has seen into her soul and has laid a trap spun out of her own darkest desires:

"You want to know about Death. I left him a word. That word is NINETEEN. If you say it to him his mind will be opened. He will tell you what lies beyond. He will tell you what he saw.

The word is NINETEEN.



Knowing will drive you mad.
But sooner or later you will ask.
You won't be able to help yourself.
Have a nice day!
Walter O'Dim

P.S. The word is NINETEEN.

You will try to forget but sooner or later it will come out of your mouth like vomit."

What Allie realizes as she reads the Man in Black's message is that Nort's resurrection was the opposite of a miracle. It was an elaborate trap—Trap Nineteen—and it was devised to prey upon her mind and drive her crazy.

Later, when Allie recounts this tale to Roland in the privacy of her bedroom, our gunslinger warns her that if she values her sanity she must never say nineteen to Nort. She must blot the word from her mind and memory—tell herself that eighteen is followed by twenty, that half of thirty-eight is seventeen—and if she can't she should hide under her covers and scream NINETEEN at the top of her lungs until the urge is done with. But Allie knows that a time will come when she will no longer be able to control herself. She will be forced to whisper nineteen in Nort's ear and bear the terrible consequences.

As I have already stated, the number nineteen is the most ominous word in the Dark Tower novels. From the time that Roland and his American tet set out for Calla Bryn Sturgis in Wolves

of the Calla until the end of the final novel of the series, Roland is haunted by nineteens. Roland and his tet-mates find themselves

gathering wood in piles of nineteen pieces, and seeing the number nineteen in the flames of their campfire or in the shapes of passing clouds. All of the important characters they meet have nineteen letter names, from their ally Donald Frank Callahan to the Crimson King's henchman, Richard Patrick Sayre. When Roland's tet reaches Calla Bryn Sturgis, they meet an annoying North Central Positronics Robot called Andy who always knows when the child-stealing Wolves of Thunderclap will sweep out of the Dark Lands and descend upon the Calla's innocents. Yet when they ask him how he knows, he cannot tell them. The reason? A mysterious command built into his programming—a command called Directive Nineteen.

Not only is nineteen the number of secrets and mysteries, it is also the number of battle and of subterfuge. Jake has nineteen Orizas in his sack when he

goes to the Dixie Pig to fight the Crimson King's forces, and when the demon Mia steals Susannah Dean's body and escapes to New York's 1999, she takes room 1919 at the Plaza Park





Hotel. Roland and his band of travelers begin to call themselves the ka-tet of Nineteen, but they also nickname the place of loss and madness as the Land of Nineteen.

In High Speech—the ancient, ritualized language of gunslingers—the number nineteen is translated as chassit. It was part of the Baby-Bunting Rhyme that Roland's mother sang to him when he was a little boy:

Baby-bunting, darling one,
Now another day is done.
May your dreams be sweet and merry,
May you dream of fields and berries.

Baby-bunting, baby-dear,
Baby, bring your berries here.
Chussit, chissit, chassit!
Bring enough to fill your basket.

Unfortunately for Roland, not even this recollection of the number nineteen is wholly innocent. When he was fourteen years old, Roland was tricked into committing matricide. Hence this word—which he associates with his mother—triggers the twin sensations of grief and guilt.

In the Dark Tower novels, the number nineteen is an omen, a mantra,

and the symbol of all the strange and inexplicable ways in which ka works. It is also the place where Roland's world overlaps with ours. As I can personally attest, once you become embroiled in the Dark Tower universe, the number nineteen will begin popping up at the most uncanny moments. Whenever I have a Dark Tower assignment, or I am about to receive a phone call about Roland's world, I can guarantee that the event will be preceded by a string of nineteens on seat numbers, flights, billboards, or even receipts. Whenever I come in contact with the number nineteen, I can be sure that Mid-World is hovering close by.

Yet what is the true importance of the number nineteen? Constant Readers can't help but wonder why Stephen King chose this particular number as the key to his magnum opus. Is it because, as Roland's tet-mate Susannah Dean mentions, nineteen is a prime number? Or is it (as Eddie Dean states) just because it comes between eighteen and twenty every time you count? Interestingly, the number nineteen doesn't gain its central importance until Book V of the Dark Tower tale. In fact, in the original edition of *The Gunslinger*, Allie's terrible experience of the number nineteen



off the road so that he could push his Rottweiler, Bullet, away from a cooler of hamburger meat. Smith swerved across the highway and hit Stephen King full force. On the nineteenth day of the sixth month of 1999 (and as we all know, when you turn 6 on its head it becomes yet another 9) Stephen King broke his right hip joint, cracked four ribs, and shattered his right leg. The accident definitely increased his sense of his own mortality, but I can't help but wonder whether it also increased his sense of destiny. After all, Stephen King very nearly died, but luckily for him AND for us, he survived. Ka? Perhaps. The sinister yet potent magic of nineteen? Definitely.

Until next month, long days and pleasant nights!

Robin Furth

doesn't happen at all. Stephen King added that particular twist in 2003, in a rewritten version of the story that was published just before the final three volumes of the Dark Tower saga appeared in print.

For Stephen King—the man behind the many novels—the number nineteen has a very personal significance, a significance that illuminates the number's frequent association with pain, death, and ka. On June 19, 1999, Stephen King was hit by a Dodge minivan while he was out walking near his home. The driver, a man named Bryan Smith, took his eyes



ART EVOLUTION
PENCILS BY MICHAEL LARK

DARK TOWER: TULL - ISSUE 3

2





ART EVOLUTION.
PENCILS BY MICHAEL LARK

DARK TOWER: TULL - ISSUE 3

5





COVER INKS FOR TULL #3 BY MICHAEL LARK



NEXT: "YOU WALK IN THE WAY OF EVIL."





All is not well in Mid-World. Gunslinger Roland Deschain has seen his father's Affiliation fall to the Good Man's forces. With his ka-tet murdered and Gilead in ruins, Roland has accepted his destiny to seek and save the Dark Tower, and set right this out-of-synch world. For now, Roland's search has him crossing the desert, pursuing the Man in Black, who holds the key to finding the Dark Tower. However, the Man in Black has left traps in his wake for the gunslinger, and upon entering the sleepy town of Tull, Roland fears he may have just stepped into one.

From the creative team that brought Roland's early adventures to life comes a new phase in the saga of the last gunslinger. This is a dark chronicle of revenge, lust, betrayal, and destiny—a cosmic quest that could only be conceived by master storyteller Stephen King.

PARENTAL ADVISORY
FOR STRONG LANGUAGE & CONTENT

PARENTAL ADVISORY
\$3.99/US
DIRECT EDITION
MARVEL.COM



00311

7 59606 07275 0

